
The Saltus Magazine



SUMMER TERM 1936

GOVERNING BODY.

HAL BUTTERFIELD, ESQ.	HEREWARD T. WATLINGTON, ESQ.
ELDON TRIMINGHAM, ESQ. M.C.P.	JOHN W. COX, ESQ. M.C.P.
	N. BAYARD DILL, ESQ.
Secretary-Treasurer.....	J. J. BUSHELL, ESQ., O.B.E.
Headmaster.....	R. E. E. BOOKER, M.A., M.R.S.T.

STAFF.

H. J. HALLETT, M.A.	
H. RICHARDSON, F.R.G.S.	
J. H. KERRY, M.A.	
J. H. A. LINTON, B.A.	
G. S. C. TATEM, B.A.	
R. T. GORTON, B.A., B.Sc.	
L. J. PROFIT	
MISS D. LINES (MISS M. STEACEY)	
SCHOOL BURSAR.....	J. H. KERRY, ESQ.

SCHOOL APPOINTMENTS.

<i>Prefects.</i>	<i>House Captains.</i>	
E. L. Gibbons		Head of School
N. H. Williams	Butterfield	Capt. of Football
T. M. Adams	Darrell.	
D. Lindsay	Watlington	
K. D. Young		
S. A. Roberts		
W. G. Hayward		
F. G. Lines	Saltus.	
W. R. Kempe.		

Reflections.

I feel that the three terms between the last long Holiday and the next have been energetically and profitably spent. Much new territory has been opened up and much old consolidated.

In a school, as in every corporate institution, many people contribute to the development of the work and spirit of the place, and when the time comes for some to go on to new fields of endeavour, it is with natural regret that we see them go—both boys and masters. And yet in school, perhaps, the reluctance to part is always tempered by the hope which centres round the progress of other boys, gradually rising from Form to Form, who are about to fill worthily the places of their predecessors. Added interest comes from watching the careers of Old Boys of the school, as they make their way in the world:—one of the principal “compensations” of the schoolmaster’s life is found in letters from those he has educated telling him of success they have attained and, frequently, asking for direct news from the school towards which they still have a feeling of loyalty.

I feel strongly that we should be large-minded enough to take a similar interest in the progress of masters who, having been members of the staff and having contributed their share to the life of the school, go on in the natural course of events to positions where their abilities will have yet more scope:—furthermore the reputation of a school is largely built up by the successes of its Old Boys, and to some extent of its old masters.

These, indeed, must be our feelings about those men who are leaving us at the end of this term. They have borne the brunt of a long period of reorganization, and the beneficent influence of the work they have done here and of the spirit and energy they have expended will be felt and remembered in this School long after they have left us. These things have become part of the good tradition of the place.

Valete!—may their successors prove as enthusiastic and as useful.

REEB.

School Notes.

The New Steps connecting the Playing Field with the Changing Room have now been completed, and on match days it is now possible to serve tea to the players on the balcony. The west end of the field has been levelled and planted with grass, and will provide an extra football field in September. Mr. Richardson has planted a row of trees which will some time provide shelter on the south side of the field.

Founders Day took place on June 11th commemorating the birthday of Samuel Saltus (June 12th 1800). There was a service in hall, and a wreath was laid by the Prefects on the Founder's grave. An Old Boys Luncheon was followed by a match between the Old Boys and the School, and a Garden Party. The whole day was voted a great success.

The School Shop has come to stay and is an integral part of the Organization. Chocolates and sweets are sold; also pens, pencils, erasers, rulers, fillers for loose-leaf books, and seasonal requisites such as cricket balls. Mr. Gorton has an efficient band of helpers; Lindsay, Gourlay and Adams have shared shop duty between them. It is hoped the shop may develop even further.

The Lunch Room, with limited equipment, has served on school days a sixpenny hot lunch to twenty-five or thirty people. At the beginning of the meal the master on duty says Grace and the boys quietly take their accustomed places. A much-needed oil-stove will be purchased from the proceeds of the Garden Party.

An interesting series of photographs of the School group, of forms at work and of Scouts and Cubs have been taken by Mr. Rutherford.

The School is indebted to Mrs. Warfield for two vaulting horses.

"In memory of my ancestors who for many generations lived at Woodlands" Mr. Joseph Burch Shaw-Wood has very kindly presented to the School a cedar table and chair for the Hall platform, and they are now in situ. These pieces of furniture were made by Mr. Tite to a pattern given him by the Headmaster.

EXAM RESULTS.

H. North has gained a scholarship of £80 to Rossall School, the same which was won by G. Welch last year.

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Old Boys News.

Almost the only news we get is news from Rossall, where Mac Paschal is as usual doing well. He is a temporary monitor and has completed a P. T. Course as a representative of Rossall. Hallett won the junior high jump in the school sports, and Welch won his hundred yards.

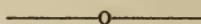
Trimingham is doing well at Avon. He is on the Dean's List and has won a prize for photography. Perhaps he will soon be back here doing moonlight effects on the South Shore.

We were suddenly surprised one afternoon by a visit from Russell. When asked what he had learnt while he had been away at Mount Hill he replied that he had learnt tennis and hockey. He is obviously showing a commendable sense of proportion between work and games.

C. Ashton is in the track team at Rothesay.

There is, we suppose, no need to tell people about the Old Boys in Bermuda, but somehow we feel there ought to be a permanent record of the major achievements in local life. With this end in view we hope that in the next issue someone will make it their special job to compile some such list.

We acknowledge with thanks letters from T. J. Wadson, W. C. Hallett, S. M. Pascall, and A. Russell.



SCHOOL CALENDAR.

April.

9-19. Easter Vacation.

May

1. New steps to field opened.
2. Tennis. Staff v. Boys.
5. Inspection of School by the Hon. A. G. Grant-ham, the Acting Governor.
8. Finals of Boxing Competition.
15. Parents Association Meeting.
21. B. S. S. A. Sports.

22. School Celebration of Empire Day. Speech by Vice-Admiral Sir Matthew Best.

23-25. Half-Term Holiday.

28. B. A. A. Sports.

June

11. Celebration of Founder's Day.
15. School Exams.
19. Parents' Dance.
26. Summer Term Ends.
27. Scout Camp.

July

7. Cadet Camp.

Athletics.

The Annual Athletic Sports were held on April 2nd. The programme was changed considerably this year, so that in age groups and in events we paralleled more closely the programme for the B. S. S. A. Inter-School Sports. This had the effect of making all the events more closely contested than usual.

All the preliminaries took place during the previous week and in a few events the finals had already been decided.

The outstanding performances were chiefly amongst the younger boys, results better than those of the last seven years being obtained in the following events: Long Jump under 9, 100 Yards under 9, High Jump under 11, High Jump under 13. The Old Boys also improved upon their Standing Long Jump distance, the record of the last seven years being broken by 3 in.

The House competition was won by Darrell House, Watlington House being close contestants for the honour, and the sportsmanship displayed in this keen competition was most commendable.

Saltus boys also acquitted themselves well in the B. S. S. A. Inter-School Sports, where we won three of the four boys' groups and in the fourth were only defeated by a margin of two points by the Commercial School, whose entrants consisted mainly of Saltus Old Boys!! We were also credited with breaking six of the year-old records.

Cricket began with the opening of this term and judging by the enthusiasm displayed, especially by the younger boys, the future of the game at Saltus appears to be roseate.

Matches have been arranged for the 1st XI, 'A' XI, and 2nd Division XI, and it is hoped that we shall be able to find some opponents for the 'Colts'. The House matches are providing the 2nd Division with the valuable experience of playing with and against their more experienced colleagues.

Of last year's colours only the following remain: N. H. Williams (Capt.) E. L. Gibbons, P. C. Roach, E. Moniz. However, great improvement has been shown by all these, and also by the remainder of the 1st Division, who are aspiring to the 1st XI. We therefore feel assured of a most enjoyable and successful season.

TEAM CHARACTERS.

N. H. WILLIAMS. A medium pace left-handed bowler who has a natural break. Exceedingly dangerous when he gets a good length. A sound batsman strong on the leg side. He makes a good captain.

E. L. GIBBONS. The most improved batsman in the School. He has plenty of forcing strokes. Keeps wicket fairly well, but should try to help his bowlers more.

P. C. ROACH. Bowls a good length with an off-break. Batting is sound if at times slow. A good fielder.

E. MONIZ. An excellent and quick fielder. He has a good eye and can hit hard. Also bowls a good length.

K. YOUNG. The hardest hitter in the school. He often makes

use of his height to dismiss batsmen by catches which appear to be impossible.

J. A. P. PITT. Another natural-break left-handed bowler, but should concentrate on getting a better length. Has also played some good innings.

S. B. ATWOOD. A much improved cricketer. Bowls a good length and bats fairly well.

D. LINDSAY. An orthodox cricketer. Bowls a slow googly and bats with a straight bat. A sound fieldsman.

C. CRAWLEY. Makes runs quickly but should remember to get left foot to the ball. Also bowls slow medium pace.

W. R. KEMPE. Favourite stroke is a pull to mid-wicket. Would bowl better if he concentrated less on speed and more on length.

K. COAD. Can hit hard when given a loose ball. A good reserve wicket-keeper.

C. VALLIS. Though diminutive yet a good field and opening batsmen. Bowls well.

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S G. S. CRICKET FIXTURES, 1936.

<i>Date.</i>	<i>Match.</i>	<i>Result.</i>
Fr. May 1st	1st XI v. Staff	Home Draw
Tu. May 26th	Butterfield v. Darrell	Home Draw
Fr. May 15th	2nd XI v. St. Georges G. S.	Away Lost
Mo. May 18th	Saltus v. Watlington	Home Draw
Fr. May 22nd	1st. XI v. Sher. For. B. Boys	Home Won
Fr. May 29th	2nd. XI v. St. Georges G. S.	Home Scratched
Mo. June 1st	Butterfield v. Watlington ..	Home Butterfield
Tu. June 2nd	2nd. Division v. Whitney I.	Home Saltus
Th. June 4th	1st XI v. Dockyard Appr.	Away Lost
Fr. June 5th	Darrell v. Saltus	Home Saltus
Th. June 11th	1st. & 2nd XI v. Old Boys ..	Home
Mo. June 15th	2nd Division v. Whitney I.	Home
Tu. June 16th	Darrell v. Watlington	Home
Mo. June 22nd	Butterfield v. Saltus	Home
Tu. June 23rd	1st XI v. Staff	Home

“Colts” Matches to be arranged.

Cadet Corps.

There are several reasons for the existence of a Cadet Corps in a school. The first one which comes into the mind of an outsider is that it is there to prepare boys for active service in the Army in the event of a war. This was, of course, the reason which caused it to come into being in the beginning. But since to prepare for war is one of those things which people nowadays realise to be one of the chief causes of war, this reason has become the least important of all.

The most important of all is that it is an effort to keep alive some of the better principles which have grown out of the long years of struggle which have produced the British Empire. These principles must be good, or the Empire would not be the beneficial force which it is in the World to-day, and they are the same principles upon which the English idea of Education is founded.

Every cadet should be made to feel that he is not only a member of his School Cadet Corps, but of a far wider organization which links together all the countries of the Empire. And when he goes through all the various parts of his cadet training —his squad drill and arms drill, his shooting practice and all the rest of it, he should realise that he is acquiring something whose use he may only realise in later life.

The Bermuda Cadet Camp is one phase which gives him this feeling of being part of a bigger unit, for all his drill, cricket, boxing, swimming, and even eating and sleeping, is done in company with other boys whom he might scarcely meet in the ordinary course of events. For this reason it is hoped that more opportunity will be given to boys, especially older ones, to take part in this Corps. It is a mistake for young boys to try to be cadets, but if an older boy has been through school without joining, there is a gap in his development which should have been filled.

Boxing.

No-body thought when Mac Paschal presented the School with a set of boxing gloves that anything was going to come of it. For one thing there had never been any regular boxing in the school before; and consequently the boys were at first a little chary bout getting knocked about. Then the Cadets, who perhaps felt a little more belligerent than the others, realised

that it was a good game. But it was not until Lines, in one of his more inspired moments, suggested that the way to get up enthusiasm was to arrange a competition, that the thing really began to get under way. Mr. Barnard had pointed out some time ago that the B. A. A. would be delighted to lend their ring, and so the right machinery was put into motion, and one morning the ring arrived.

At first we did not know quite what had occurred, and one or two suggested politely that there had been a mistake, for instead of a few posts joined together with a piece of rope, a complete arena seemed to have arrived in a state of dismantlement. The whole of the back of the assembly hall was filled with great piles of planks and boarding, enough, apparently, to build a young Stadium. However, we accepted the thing as a "fait accompli" and that evening Mr. Hayward, the Bermuda boxing promoter, and Mr. Frith got to work on the thing. They didn't say very much—just an occasional demand for a hammer or a rope—and when they finished the job, there was the ring used for all the big fights down at No. 1 Shed fixed up at the back of the hall—a perfectly superb piece of work, complete with padded ropes, coloured bunting and flags! Alone they did it!

Over a hundred boys, of all ages and every size, entered! A boxing mania took hold of the school, and for a time it became the only topic of conversation. There were some magnificent fights, and the only regrettable thing was that some of the best boxers had to drop out owing to minor injuries.

Then came the day of the finals of the House Competition, for a shield very kindly presented by Mr. John Cox. The first fight was the flea-weights, (under 55 lbs.) between Barnard and Motyer IV. These two boys took their seats in the ring and looked at each other across a vast expanse of floor. Mr. Williams, timekeeper rang the bell, they shook hands, and were off. It was perhaps not possible for them to do each other much damage, especially as the gloves they were wearing were quite half the size of the boxers, but everyone agreed that technically their boxing was as good as almost any of the others.

The next fight which was part of the competition was between Cox and Spurling II. Cox did not win the fight, but he won the prize for the best loser, for which we must thank the anonymous donor. After this Spurling I just beat Gibbons in another really interesting contest, in which they hustled each other round the ring for three very close rounds. Then came the battling Thompson brothers, who, although there were nine pounds between them, had unfortunately got into the same

weight. Age won, but Thompson II did not let his fraternal instincts prevent him from doing quite a lot of damage on his own account. Vallis beat Gosling in the Bantam-weight, and Kempe I. beat Smith II. in one of the most exciting bouts of the evening. Smith had the dogged perservance which makes real boxers, but Kempe was superior in swaying and side-stepping, and was awarded the fight. One of the best blows dealt was when, in some unaccountable manner, their heads met with a resounding crack, and they fell back momentarily stunned. This did not, however, deter them, and the judges (Mr. Ford and Mr. Palmer) had to record some shrewd hits. The evening was completed by two easy wins. Moniz I. beat Evans, and Williams I. beat Coad.

The programme was interlarded with other fights, not part of the competition, among which was blindfold boxing by four apparent lunatics.

Among boxers who should do well are Williams I., who has a hard punch in both hands, especially his left; Moniz I. who is formidable when roused; Roach and Kempe, both light and quick; Vallis and Green II.; Thompson, Mayor and Floyd; Giblin, Gibbons II and Spurling; Spurling II, Cox, Motyer and Barnard. It is hoped that next year's competition will be just as good. The money received on the night of finals should be enough to provide the school with a ring of their own, and perhaps some time there will be such a thing as inter-school boxing. There is no Sport which needs more stamina and will to win, nor more determination to lose well.

We thank all those people very heartily who gave us help—without which we could have done nothing. Let us hope their efforts will not be wasted.

Scouts and Cubs.

This term must have been one of the most eventful in the history of the troop, each week bringing forth some new excursion or activity. Too late for inclusion in last term's magazine came the farewell parade for the Chief Scout for Bermuda. His Excellency the Governor, Sir Thomas Astley Cubitt; Saltus Scouts and Cubs swelled the ranks of probably the largest gathering of this nature ever held in Bermuda. Having marched to Government House from No. 6 shed we were inspected by the Chief Scout, who afterwards addressed us and received a Salute as all Groups marched passed. A few days later, on

April 7th. after an exhibition of P. T. and Gymnastics, came our pioneering effort, when we built two bridges, an aerial runway and a monkey-bridge ropeway, a 3" hawser being used in each case. The former proved most successful, being rigged in a very short space of time and safely transporting the whole of the Troop and Pack before it was finally dismantled. To cross the ropeway was somewhat of a feat of tight-rope walking owing, we afterwards discovered, to the fact that we had hauled our hawser too taut. Thanks to the interest of Lt.-Col. the Hon. K. I. Gourlay, D.S.O., M.C., Commanding Engineers, we were able to borrow all blocks, tackle, hawsers and lashings necessary for these bridges, and apart from the valuable lesson gained in pioneering and teamwork we earned a very valuable £5 towards our expenses.

Then came at the beginning of this term the critical change over to Sea Scouts. There was much trying on of caps and tying of ribbons in truly nautical bows. We are indebted to Mr. Jeffrey, another Sea Scoutmaster, for dyeing our old khaki uniforms blue at cost price, thus saving us the expense of purchasing completely new uniforms. He also gave some valuable instruction in dyeing and cleaning to the three members of the trop who helped throughout the whole process. Our first appearance in Sea Scout uniform was on the occasion of the inspection of the School by His Excellency the Acting Governor, when, together with the Cadets, the Scouts and Cubs formed a Guard of Honour.

Over the week-end of May 16th. — 17th. a successful camp for Patrol Leaders and Seconds was held on Marshall's Island with the Rotary Sea Scout Troop; we were enheartened by the musical excerpts rendered by Vorley and Williams II on Mouth Organs and Bones. Mr. C. H. Masters very kindly lent us the Zena to transport us both ways which added greatly to the atmosphere of the all too brief camp.

On Wednesday, May 20th., we spent one of the most enjoyable afternoons we have yet had. At 3.30 p.m. over 30 of us embarked from the Bermudiana Waterfront in the good ship Zena, again lent by Mr. Masters, and sailed over to the Prince David. We went aboard her and spent a good two hours roaming over her from top to bottom, talking through speaking tubes from the bridge to the engine rooms, discovering the intricacies of the gyrocompass, direction finders, watertight doors, propeller shafts and exploring the various bolt holes etc. After another enjoyable sail home to the accompaniment of mouth organs we arrived in Hamilton at about 7 p.m.

Empire Day was celebrated with a combined Scout and Guide Service at the Cathedral, at which the lessons were read by His Excellency, the Governor, our new Chief Scout, only three days arrived in the Island, and an inspiring Address was given by Rev. E. Strong, an old and experienced Scouter in many parts of the world. We formed up outside the Cathedral and listened to some cheerful words of greeting from the new Chief Scout. We then marched past on our way home, His Excellency taking the Salute. The 67 Scouts and Cubs who represented us are to be congratulated on the smartness of their turn-out and the excellence of their marching.

On May 31st., with other Sea Scouts of Bermuda, we had the opportunity of visiting the most modern cruiser afloat, H.M.S. Apollo; the Captain in Charge and the Chief of Staff kindly arranged for our transport to and from the Dockyard in a D. S. B. and Captain De Meric had detailed off boys as guides, we saw parts of the ship normally closed to visitors and found the gun-turrets and torpedo tubes particularly interesting. We had tea and returned home, being forced to miss out our tour of the Dockyard and Floating Dock owing to the heavy rain.

For the rest, the Troop have been concentrating on Second and First Class work; nearly all the swimming tests have been passed and there is a marked improvement in Semaphore Signalling. In the same way nearly all the Cubs have now obtained their first star and some are well on their way to their second. Miss Stacey, our new A. C. M., has worked indefatigably on their behalf. There are two new Patrol Leaders, Kempe I and Gibbons I to take the place of Vorley and Gibbons II, two valuable scouts who have now left us, having stuck to their scouting form the early days of the Bishop's Own Wolf Cub Pack. Gibbons still comes to our meetings as often as he can as a Rover Squire, and Vorley came to every meeting till he sailed for England. All that remains now is to prepare for the great event of the year — camp — a ten day's affair this time on Trunk Island from June 27th to July 6th. We hope to have two Naval Whalers, complete with sailing gear by then, so there are infinite possibilities for Patrol competitions and games on nautical lines.

Tennis.

Mr. Beasley's heart would have been warmed to its very cockles to see the match which was played between the Staff and the Boys at tennis early on this term. As the Headmaster aptly put it, the Staff sacrificed themselves to the boys to give

them a game, and the boys certainly got what they wanted. It may have been that they were over-awed by the pomp and circumstance of the occasion, or it may have been that the Staff undermined their confidence by unfair psychological means, but the results were far different from what was expected. Technically far better players were beaten by brute strength, age and experience.

The first match was between Mr. Linton and Gibbons I, and for the first six games it was anybody's win. Then Gibbons began to make mistakes, and before he knew where he was, he had lost. A week later, however, he had the consolation of beating his French master in three sets, which showed that he could not have been playing up to his usual form. Vorley was leading 4-2 before Mr. Gorton began to play really scientifically, and stole the match away from him by the narrow margin of 5-4. Mr. Kerry also had to work hard to defeat Crawley, winning the match by preventing his opponent from playing his usual open game.

Mr. Hallett, who was a really good player in his-er-younger days, proved too strong for Trott. Mr. Tatem's smashing service nearly swept Outerbridge off the court; if his shots were not well out of the court they were always winners. Finally, Masters was so worried by Mr. Profit's grimly accurate play that he also lost.

Then came the doubles. This looked like being another story. Mr. Gorton and Mr. Linton defeated Vorley and Gibbons in a very well-contested set, playing skilful smash-and-grab tactics. Mr. Profit and Mr. Tatem had a difficult time in winning, but just managed to pull the match out of the fire in time. Exactly the same thing occurred with the Headmaster and Mr. Hallett, but by some strange twist of Fate, they also succeeded in turning what looked at one time like certain defeat into victory. Then the rain arrived, and both teams finished up with an excellent tea in the Headmaster's house. The general impression one got of the play of the boys was that they could have won almost all of their matches, and often put themselves within easy reach of a win, but they just lacked that extra something which was necessary. This will obviously come in time.

Meanwhile they are playing house competitions among themselves, a shield having been presented by Mr. Eldon Tringham, and in spite of the weather the tennis as a school activity is going swimmingly.

The Debating Society.

By J. H. K.

In contrast to the accepted practice in the animal world the Debating Society chooses the summer months during which to undergo a modified process of "hibernation." The call of outdoors sports and activities during the Summer Term is so insistent and paramount that the Society must perforce be satisfied with a restricted programme. But we are not entirely dormant: meetings are being held, though on a less ambitious scale.

Since our last notes to Press we have visited the Whitney Institute to debate on the Motion, "That the World is on the whole poorer since the beginning of the Mechanical Age."

Proposed by: R. D. Outerbridge, (Whitney). **Opposed by:** F. G. Lines, (S. G. S.). **Third Speaker:** W. R. Kempe, (S. G. S.). **Fourth Speaker:** W. M. Bertles, (Whitney).

Of the several others who contributed to the debate T. M. Adams especially impressed the House.

The motion was defeated by 26 votes to 13.

At the conclusion of the Debate our hosts staged a demonstration of other methods of "pressing a point home" — the House Boxing Finals were in progress while tea was being served!

Officers for the Summer Term, 1936.

President: Mr. J. H. Kerry.

Secretary: Mr. T. M. Adams.

Committee: F. G. Lines, W. R. Kempe, E. L. Gibbons, D. Lindsay, and T. M. Adams, (ex-officio).

We are sorry to lose Vorley our late Secretary, who has contributed much to the success of the Society since its inception, but we believe that his voice will be heard in some other place.

Bermuda's Caves.

By C. King.

Caves of Enchantment, mysteriously formed,
Peopled with shapes which inspire and exalt,
What are your secrets that aeons have mourned
And moulded eternally there in your vault?

A slow tear follows a tear through the age,
Builds up in Enchantment a spire to enthrall,

Shaming all mortals agog in their cage
As though to catch Time were the need of them all.

Mellow and dim mid reflections unseen,
These wonders take shape, and bewilder
The mortal who pauses one moment, serene,
To dwell on God's works, to consider.

Deep pools lie motionless, mirrors of night,
Angel wings droop from the ceiling;
New vistas develop — our spirit takes flight—
And you speak to us, secrets revealing.

You tell us that Life is for us just a gift
Which we take with too casual a spirit,
You wish from ephemeral things to uplift
Our souls — things eternal to merit.

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Waterloo.

By D. Nicholl

The British were waiting all in line
To fight the French in battle,
They brought their guns to the ready
With an echoing clang and rattle.

The British were formed in their well-known square
To fight the French in battle,
In this way our men did take their stance,
Ready to fight the men of France,
Who, summing them up with a baleful glance,
Charged forward to mow them down.

And Wellington rode from square to square
Encouraging all his men,
As into the ranks of France they poured
A volley of leaden rain.

Then Blucher came with his Prussian men,
Who'd been held up on the way,
They were coming in to help us
Make a victory of that day.

Napoleon fled and gave himself up,
For we beat them through and through,
In that great historic battle,
The Battle of Waterloo.

Death !

By W. R. Kempe.

John Brewer the famous millionaire told me as we were hurrying to catch the one o'clock train that he had hired me as his private detective because he had received a threatening letter. If one hundred thousand dollars were not placed in a bag in the south corner of a certain wall he would die at two o'clock.

"Of course," he told me, "I've received many letters like this before, but since I am going to be cooped up in a train all afternoon, I want you to keep an eye open. I don't think it means anything. Just a precaution."

We arrived at the station and entered a first-class compartment. Opposite was a woman knitting and talking to an immaculately-clothed Jew. "So you have a jewellery store in London?" "Yes," was the answer, "quite a business." "Another two hours before we stop," she remarked, and leaned across to Mr. Brewer. "I'm finding sitting with my back to the engine wearing," she said, "would you be so kind as to change seats with me? I find it so nauseating to ride backwards!" Mr. Brewer lit a cigar. She came and sat next to me, and the train moved off.

I lost all track of time, and then I suddenly realised that we were entering a tunnel. It must be nearly two o'clock, and I remember saying to myself quite coolly, that if Brewer was to be killed at all it would be here. Then we plunged into momentary darkness, and when the lights came on I saw he was dead. He was sitting opposite to me, dead.

Suddenly there was a bang, and I woke up. Mr. Brewer was sitting opposite, smiling at me. I had no idea how long I had been asleep. Half an hour, judging from the length of his cigar ash. "What's the time?" I asked in a whisper. "Is it soon?" "You went to sleep," he said. "It's all over. You're a fine detective! I've had to smoke three or four cigars to steady my nerves while you sleep like a baby! "I like the way you keep your eyes open!"

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High-Noon Homicide.

By D. Lindsay.

Inspector Wills had been picked out by Superintendant Huxley to accompany Cornelius Maxwell the well-known millionaire to Manchester. This would have been a simple enough job

if Maxwell had not had a letter demanding £50,000, which, if not paid, would result in his death at noon on the 1st of May. Maxwell treated the whole thing as a joke, and was going to Manchester as he had originally planned. The train would arrive at 12.30, and Wills was to see that Maxwell arrived with it.

The train drew away from the platform and moved off in a cloud of steam. The millionaire and his guardian had secured seats in a first class compartment. The millionaire sat next to the door, with Wills between him and a clergyman. Opposite was an old woman with knitting on her knees. Next to her sat a young man puzzling over a cross-word puzzle. Facing the clergyman was a fat man with a bald head obtruding above the newspaper he was reading.

The time dragged passed, and little happened to arouse the suspicions of Inspector Wills.

At two minutes to twelve he looked at his watch, and just caught sight of the eyes of the clergyman flicker for a fraction of a second on his own. Then the train entered a tunnel.

After what seemed an eternity to the inspector it emerged, and for a moment he was gripped with panic. Maxwell's head had sunk forward on his chest as if he were asleep. The writer of the letter had struck.

Insepctor Wills thought immediately of a hypodermic, and noticed the woman's needles, the young man's pencil. He rose, and pointed to Maxwell's huddled figure. "Everyone remain seated!" he ordered, "This man has been murdered."

He was about to pull the communication cord when he saw the fat man, lean forward, his eyes dilated with horror. "It can't be. he's dead! I never meant to kill him! I swear I didn't. it was just a threat!"

Suddenly the clergyman came to life, whipped out a pair of handcuffs, and slipped them on the man's wrists with the skill born of long practice. "You are under arrest!" he said tersely. Then he whiped off a wig and his spectacles, disclosing himself as Superintendent Huxley. "All right Maxwell," he said, "it's all over." Maxwell jumped up. Wills gaped in astonishment.

"Just a trick," he explained. "I'm not sure we didn't run it a little fine, though." He looked at his watch. "One minute to twelve! "Sixty more seconds and you might have been a dead man!"

He turned his attention towards his prisoner, and made a thorough examination of his person. "Hm! That's a pity! Nothing lethal here! We might just as well have saved ourselves the trouble—eh, Inspector?"

Wills looked sulky. He was just beginning to realise that his dreams of promotion were as far away as ever.

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Murder on the Trans-Continental.

F. LINES.

(Another thrilling story by the Author of the Blue-Print Mystery.)

When I entered the Chief's office I saw that he looked worried. "Wilson", he said, "you're the best man we have, and we need you now. Mr. D. J. Stoneman the millionaire has received another of those threats on his life if he doesn't pay up, but this time our man has overstepped the mark—he has given the exact time at which he will take Stoneman's life, and if he tries, we've got him. I want you to accompany him from here to Vancouver, and keep a very close watch, as the zero hour is 12 noon and the attempt, if it is made, will be made on the train— — — "

He gave me a few more details and I left him there, rather sceptical about the whole thing.

I made contact with Stoneman, boarded the train with him, and took stock of the passengers. Stoneman and I sat in the 6-seater first-class compartment facing the engine. Opposite were three people. An elderly woman, and two men. The sixth seat contained a parcel. It was not long before the woman began to talk.

"What magnificent country we're passing through," she remarked to the carriage at large.

"Wait till we get to the Rockies", said the fat man. "Then you'll see something."

"Hope you people are good at cross-words", said the other man, obviously an Englishman, "because I'm going to need your help."

I looked at my watch. There was half an hour to go before noon. I began to get apprehensive, but could feel the comforting bulge of my automatic in my coat pocket, and hoped I was not going to need it.

"Oh I say, what's a word for a bee-farm?"

The lady who was knitting looked at him pityingly. "Apiary", she supplied with a smile, and added, "I always think cross-words are a good exercise for the brain—don't you?" She ceased her knitting and looked across at Stoneman. "I wonder", she remarked apologetically, "if you would allow me to change seats. I dislike having my back to the engine."

"Certainly", said Stoneman quickly, "anything to oblige."

I bit my lip and cursed the man. This was going to make my job more difficult if an emergency arose. What did he want to make this trip for anyhow? He could not afford to be careless of life, and there was no more dangerous place than a railway carriage.

Stoneman sat down beside the fat man, who proceeded to open up a conversation. He went into a long discussion of the merits of the C. P. R. compared with other railways, and presently asked Stoneman the time.

"It's ten to twelve", said Stoneman. He looked across at me and smiled, quite unperturbed.

"That's a fine watch", remarked the fat man. "May I take a look at it?" He looked at it for some time, turning it this way and that. "That's certainly a very handsome piece of work." He gave it back to Stoneman who put it back on his wrist.

"Oh I say!" exclaimed the Englishman, "this puzzle's jolly well too difficult for me. I give up!"

I looked at him closely, and wondered suddenly whether this man was not too English, too vacuous to be real. And the lady? Surely she could not be the writer of the threatening letters; And the fat man? No! The attack would come from another direction!

There was silence in the carriage, a silence which seemed to herald the approach of the hour of death, a silence broken only by the steady clicking of the woman's needles. The minutes ticked by.

Suddenly the whistle blew, the train entered a tunnel and the carriage was plunged in darkness. My hand flew to my automatic. Why hadn't anybody told me that the hour of death would also be the hour of darkness? I strained my ears and eyes, but there was not a sound except that of the train scurrying through the tunnel. Dimly I made out the shape of Stoneman opposite. What must he be feeling? Had the man no nerves? Here he was, in the dark, undefended, possibly in the presence of his murderer.

The train shot out of the tunnel. I looked across at Stoneman, sitting there, his expression quite unchanged . . . unchanged unchanged except for a bluish pallor creeping over it.

I sat in sheer horror for a moment and then my wits returned. I looked around. The fat man had not budged; his cigar ash was a full inch long. The woman's knitting was a tangled mass round her feet, but her needles

I thought quickly. Stoneman was killed by a hypodermic syringe. This might have been secreted in the needles, in the Englishman's propelling pencil, or in the

I leapt up and pulled off Stoneman's watch, and in a flash I had the fat man covered with my automatic; for underneath the watch, on Stoneman's wrist, was a small bluish spot. Handcuffs were a matter of a moment. "How did you do it?" I asked. The man laughed harshly. "Look at the watch and you will see"

I examined it. "Clever!" I exclaimed. "A small hypodermic timed to act at 12 noon, worked from the hour hand very ingenious!"

Suddenly he snatched the watch, pressed it to his wrist, and collapsed on the floor. "Not only at noon!" he gasped

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Flying Cinders.

By D. NICHOLL.

Bill Hartley astride his motor-bike, glued his eyes to the bend which he was approaching.

This was a race previous to the one which, if he was the winner, would enable him to start on his real career. He was neck and neck with Bill Rosen, a dangerous opponent.

Suddenly something flew through the air and struck his front wheel. He skidded madly in front of Rosen's bike, and they crashed into the track together. Neither was hurt.

A steward ran up. "Are you all right?" he asked breathlessly.

"Fine" they both answered, and started to climb on their bikes.

The steward turned to Hartley. "What did you do that for?" he demanded tersely. "What's the idea?"

"Do what?"

"Try to kill Rosen!"

"What do you mean? A stone struck my wheel!"

"Hm! A good story, Hartley, but not good enough. You're warned off the track. That means for good!"

Bill gasped in dismay, but the Steward turned on his heel and was gone. And so on the very threshold of his career he was baulked of success by a scoundrel! Could he prove that Rosen was concerned in throwing the stone?

Some time later a figure stood outside Rosen's house. It was Hartley. He looked into the window and saw Rosen talking with another man. "Yes", he was saying, "I heard the steward warn him off. That stone fixes me for good, what? You did your part perfectly, Joe. Couldn't have thrown it more accurately if you had been a baseball star."

Bill outside the window chuckled to himself. He had waited there for hours that night to catch that remark. Now he would be able to continue his career And when he won his great race a week later he blessed two machines—the motor-bike and the dictaphone.



